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At The Honky-Tonk Steppers' Ball

Words and Music by
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Moderato

The Honk-y-Tonk Steppers are giv-ing a ball Next
The Dark-ie-town strut-ters once gave an af-fair Just

Vamp.

Sat-ur-day night at the old Town Hall; Old folks, young folks take a chance And
one year a-go, yes, and I was there. What a time was had that night, We

get your-self to that dance... You'd bet-ter have tax-i-cab fare, And hur-ry a-long and be there 'Cause
stayed un-til broad day-light. - But this dance will be a knock-out; I know what I'm talk-ing a-bout 'Cause.

♩ CHORUS

I'm goin' to do a lit-tle cheat-in; I'll wear my "Sun-day-go-to-meet-in"
 I'm goin' to be there with my hon-ey; You'll see me cir-cu-late my mon-ey.

Not a dance I'll lose ———— I'm gon-na step in pat-ent lea-ther shoes (*corn pro-tec-tors.*)
 All there is I'll see ———— And I'll be mess-in' in so-ci-e-ty — (*might-y stuck-up.*)

Sam Green plays a mean pi-an-o, His Jazz hounds can't be beat; ———— As syn-co-
 One thing I for-got to men-tion, Just throw your watch a-way; ———— You're gon-na

-pa-tors—they're hot po-ta-ters— A real treat, they play so sweet.
 stay round, and you'll be home-bound On Sun-day or on Mon-day.

Ev - 'ry Honk - y - Tonk step - per will come strut - tin' in — (can't scorn 'em;)
Go right to the box - of - fice — tick - ets are on sale — (go get 'em;)

All those high - toned "dick - ties" will be butt - in' in — (dog - gone 'em.)
Pass up spec - u - la - tors they'll be thrown in jail — (dog - gone 'em.)

Bill Brown, the May - or of Dark - Town, fig - ures he's gon - na call, — Next
Come, meet and greet the old tim - ers, they will be in the hall, — Next

Sat - ur - day night at the Honk - y - Tonk Step - pers' Ball. 1. Last
Sat - ur - day night at the Honk - y - Tonk Step - pers' Ball. Fine

PATTER

Tail-or shops press - in' up fan- cy clothes, Ev - 'ry-one dress - in' up, good-ness knows;
Fath-er John, Unc - le Tom, Old Aunt Jane, - Strut - in' by step - pin' high, rais - in' cain, -

Clean-ers get-ting bu - sy, slick-in' old plug hats, All the cops shin - ing up clubs and 'Gats.'
Mix - ing up with Bul-ly Mose, the jazz-in' houn', Danc-in'-est, pranc - in'-est man in town.

Butch-er-men, bak-er-men sell-ing out — Food is goin' to the hall, there's no doubt, Where all the
Mam-my Smith' danc-ing with old man Jake, - Heard 'em talk, gon-na walk for the cake. Come all you

eats are free, and I can plain-ly see, - The first one in line - will be me. 'Cause
step - pin' hounds, from all the near - by towns, And mix with the "Yal - lers" and "Browns?" 'Cause

D.S. to %